no difficulty or hardship about any of these journeys among the oases of the plains, for, apart from being looked after very well by our own people, we were not only assisted and escorted everywhere we went by the local authorities, but actually treated as guests, having frequently the utmost difficulty in getting payment accepted for the loads of flour, vegetables, rice, fruit, fodder for horses, etc., which met us at every town. Either the Chinese official rest-house or a private residence was placed at our disposal at most stages, though in the larger centres the Aqsaqal or some other influential British subject usually insisted on putting us up. Escorts were provided everywhere, whether we wanted them or not; the troops, at any rate down the Khotan road, were invariably turned out in our honour. Last but not least, at every town we visited except two or three in the remoter northern districts, the officials not only came out to meet us and to see us off with the peculiar roadside tea-drinkings which are *de rigueur* on these occasions, but also gave special dinner-parties in our honour. As will be seen later, these attentions were sometimes rather embarrassing than otherwise, but one could not help appreciating the goodwill that prompted them. Altogether, the friendliness and courtesy with which we were received practically everywhere by the Chinese authorities were most cheering, and testified eloquently to the popularity and respect gained for the British Consulate-General by its founder, Sir George Macartney, as a result of twenty-eight years of able and single-minded service.

Life at Kashgar itself was physically less strenuous than on tour, when work and long marches had to be combined, but I was always kept very busy, especially after I was deprived in July, 1923, of the valuable assistance of the Vice-Consul, Mr. Harding, whose post was afterwards left vacant. The number of different languages in which we carried on our work indicates the variety and interest of our daily routine, On any one of our files there might be, and often were, papers in six different languages: English, Chinese, Turki, Persian, Urdu and Russian. As for the "spoken word," Turki, Urdu and Persian were all in regular use with visitors, litigants and witnesses during office hours. Some of the more cosmopolitan of my friends, indeed, used all these three languages in the same conversation, switching from one to the other in a most disconcerting manner. The Consulate staff, whom I must now introduce, were as follows: the Mir Munshi (Head